The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. IX. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1901. No. 8

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892

GEORGE H. ELLIS, PRINTER, 272 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON.

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THE NEW YEAR AND THE NEW LIFE.

The New Year, Lord, we welcome make
With gladsome heart and tongue;
The newness of the gift doth wake
The newness of the song.

We look for things unseen before;
We hope for joys unknown,
But Thou canst on this New Year pour
A newness all Thine own.

Divine Renewer, make this year
For us divinely new!
These far-off seekers bring more near,
These falterers make more true!

Grant us new beams of Thine to see,
New steps of Thine to trace,—
New visions of Thy majesty,
New visits of Thy grace!

Help us new peaks of Truth to climb,
To win new realms of lore,—
Each deep divine, each height sublime,
More amply to explore!

May Grace those sweet surprises lend
That bring our God more near,
And novelties divine commend
The newness of the year!

—*T. H. Gill.*

The airs of heaven blow o'er me!
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner, but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor;
An equal-handed labor;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown!
Your triumph is my own.

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Forereach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

—*Whittier.*

THE LAST TIME.

"*It is the last time.*"—JOHN ii. 18.

Last times are always serious things. To see the end of anything affects us with a feeling of pity. I recollect looking at the old Hancock house on Beacon Street, when they were taking it down; and I seemed to myself to be assisting at the death of a Revolutionary hero. The old house had acquired a life of its own by all it had seen and gone through. What joy there was when it was built! What pride at the first entertainments given in that once splendid home! For how long it was the finest house in town! Then, when the Revolution came, what meetings of patriots were held within its walls, what ardent discussions

from the men of those days in its parlors! There, with its wealthy and generous owner, John Hancock, met the leader of men, Sam Adams, the fiery James Otis, the ardent Josiah Quincy, and the chivalric Paul Revere. There it stood during the Revolution, when its owner was absent, proscribed, but doing the great act of his life,— writing his name in those imperishable characters at the head of the Declaration of Independence. There, after the Revolution, year after year it looked down on Boston growing from a town into a city; and, handsome still in its old age as when it was built by Thomas Hancock, the merchant, in 1737, it gave way to new palaces of brick and stone. It was the last time the old house was to see the waving elms and growing grass of Boston Common, and the children playing on the green sward. There was something sad in the thought, as though it were some aged patriot who was being removed to make room for a prosperous intruder.

In the twelfth chapter of Romans there is a verse in which we are told not to be "slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." This clause, "Serving the Lord," appears to have no natural connection with the others. Therefore, another reading, supported by good authorities, is probably correct,— "using the opportunity." "Be not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, using the opportunity." Consider each thing you have to do as an opportunity which may never come again, and use it with the right spirit and with full fervency of will. For opportunities do not return. I meet a friend: we discuss some important subject. I have an opportunity of saying something which I believe true and important, and which may do him lasting good,— some word spoken in season. But I do not say it: I am afraid,— afraid to offend him, afraid of seeming presumptuous. The opportunity goes, and never returns.

We are in a company who talk of something in which they differ from us. They condemn that in which we believe. They ridicule the principles to which we adhere. We are silent,— from modesty, perhaps, or from timidity. But the opportunity goes. It is the last time. Other opportunities may return, but that one is forever lost.

Be faithful, then; be faithful. He who is faithful in the least things is faithful in the greater things. Use the opportunity — the flying hour — which never returns. And look to God for strength to use it aright. If you think that what you can say or do will be of no use, remember that God can make use of the smallest things to accomplish his purposes. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he will ordain praise.

It seems as if we could not bear to lose anything wholly and forever. No matter whether we want it or not, when we are likely to lose it, we do want it. That was a touching scene at Miletus when Paul sent for the elders of the church at Ephesus to bid them farewell. We have a brief account of what occupied doubtless many hours, only a slight sketch of that earnest appeal, those tender recollections, those hopes and prayers for their progress and peace, that calling them to record that he was free from their blood. But among all his words those which touched their hearts the most were those which told them that it was the last time he should see them: "Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." If a mere acquaintance is going away forever, we are moved to go with him to take leave of him to the ship or the railway station. But, when Paul leaves us, there mingles with the sense of present loss the feeling of wasted opportunities. How much he might have told us; what things we might have done for him, and did not do; how much we might have learned from him, and never thought to ask! Each generation goes down into the grave carrying so much information which can now never be recalled! If some Ephesian had only thought during those three years that Paul was at Ephesus to ask him for the events of his early life, and had written them down for us! Who knows what we are losing now every day which posterity would so thank us to preserve!

This is, perhaps, the element of sadness which mingles with our thought when we say, "It is the last time." It is the sense of lost opportunities. But the advantages we may derive from it will come only if it teaches us that every day is a last day, that every hour is a last hour for something, that every minute brings an opportunity and takes it away; and so, if we become more

awake to the presence of God in providence, more awake to all that comes and goes with every moment of our life.

The apostles probably thought it was the last time, the end of the ages; they thought the end of the world at hand, and Christ's coming near. No doubt they were mistaken in taking too literally the grand figures and images by which Jesus described his universal kingdom which was to take the place of the ethnic religions of mankind. He said he was to come in the clouds of heaven and with the sound of trumpet, amid wars and desolations, fire and famine and pestilence, earthquakes making the ground to tremble, lightnings rending the skies. Perhaps the apostles may have taken the images too literally, and expected visible angels and an audible trumpet and an ascent into the air. As far as the accessories of Christ's coming were concerned, they have been mistaken.

But they were not mistaken in believing that the Crucified was to return, and to call his elect from all parts of the earth. The real Christ came back: the soul and spirit of Christ came back. They could not nail his spirit to his cross or bury it in his grave. That which they hated and tried to kill,— those hard bigots,— his large and lovely faith in God as all-perfect goodness, in man as capable of sincere love,— these returned in power and great glory. Christ's entire confidence in his Father came back to mankind as a new form of piety. Christ's maxim, that it is more blessed to give than to receive, awakened a new generosity. The old Roman world and Jewish world were everywhere interpenetrated by this new spirit. So Christ came amid the earthquake fall of the Roman Empire, amid the fierce wars of barbarian conquerors. No audible trumpet shook the air, but a still small voice of faith spoke in thousands of hearts. No visible host of angels appeared in the sky; but every new conviction implanted in any human heart became Christ's angel to go on messages for him, and to call his elect. When Paul crossed from the shores of old historic Troy to Thessaly, he went as the angel of Christ to invite Europe to bend before the divine life which had appeared in Syria. Then the old oracles became dumb, then Diana forsook the lovely shore of swift Eurotas, and Pallas-Athene gave way before a mightier wisdom than her own. Then it was really the last time; the close of an old epoch, the beginning of a new one; the end of one age, the commencement of another,— a new creation in the moral world, a new heaven and a new earth. He that sat on the throne said, "Behold, I make all things new!"

And so it is to-day. We also are living at the end of an old epoch and the beginning of a new one. We can say, looking backward: "It is the last time." "Upon us the ends of the world have come." Looking forward, we can say that we are spectators at the creation of a new heaven and a new earth. To-day, as then, he that sits on the throne makes all things new. Christ's coming is to take place in the year 1901. He is to come to us all. To all of us it is the last time for many things, the new time for many other things.

The year which has gone brought to us much and took away much. Christ came to us this last year whenever truth came to us, whenever we saw clearly in our mind the reality of duty and love, of a religious life. Christ came to us then, and spoke to our conscience and soul to convince and persuade.

Christ came to us again when love came to us, when we received some sincere affection, when our own hearts were moved to respond, when we were touched by some generous sympathies, when we were moved to a new interest in any of our fellow creatures.

Christ came to us again this last year when we were called to do any good action, and were moved to do it; when we were enabled to submit patiently to any disappointment, to bear meekly any censure, to go out of our way to help any sufferer.

When you stood by the side of your loved ones during the last year, and bade them farewell, and said, "It is the last time," it was the last time, and the first time, too. It was the last time you saw them on earth, but the first time you thought of them in heaven. From that hour you have stood looking up into heaven; you have had another friend above; you have been made a companion of saints and angels. At such times we think with sorrow of how much more we might have done for our friends than we did, of opportunities forever gone

which we might have used. No one looked on that cold face — a brother, sister, wife, father — without saying in his heart, "Why did I not do more while I had him?" If you have felt so, then make use of that lesson by doing more for those who remain.

Opportunity goes, but inspiration comes. Time goes, but eternity comes; the human goes, the divine comes; the earthly Jesus goes, but Christ, the spirit, comes. The world passes away, and the fashion of it; but heaven comes,— the heaven of a better faith, loftier hope, more generous charity, making all things new and all fair.

There is, then, no necessary sadness in last times. The sun which sets on our horizon is rising on a western world. Every setting sun is also a rising sun. Every end is also a beginning. Every death is the beginning of another life.

If, then, we look backward on past opportunities, it is that we may look forward on new duties.

How wonderful is life! Every moment we stand between two eternities. An infinite past comes to an end, and an infinite future begins. It all belongs to us, if we choose to have it. Let the dead past bury its dead. Let us, who are of the day, act like children of the day. Let us go forth to sow the seed of the future, to do something which shall be good and useful to some human being, to make the world in some way better for our presence here. Each soul has its own faculty: it can help in some way to make the world more cheerful and more beautiful.

This it is which makes life worth living. If we are living only for ourselves, our own amusement, luxury, advancement, life is not worth living. But, if we are living as coworkers with Christ, as fellow-helpers with God, as part of the noble army of martyrs who bear witness to the truth in all time, then our lives are full of interest; every day is the beginning of a new epoch; with each morning we assist at the coming of a new heaven and a new earth. The smallest, poorest, lowliest existence is ennobled by this vast prospect. It gives sweetness and strength to all our days. The last time has no gloom for us when it comes: it is the first time of something better.

But, to have this joy and strength, we must realize that God is with us, and working in us to will and to do. Faith in an ever-present power, ready to vitalize the soul whenever we open it to him; faith in an ever-present love, which will hold us in its all-embracing arms, as the mother holds the little infant; in an all-surrounding providence, which will cause all things to work together for good; faith in an ever-present spirit, which will teach us what to say and do, give us peace, make us sources of good influence, save us from evil, inspire our hearts with generous and noble sentiment,— this faith will give all existence a charm, and help us to use all opportunities aright.

James Freeman Clarke.

THE STILL HOUR.

Well I know that all things move
To the spheral rhythm of love,—
That to thee, O Lord of all,
Nothing can of chance befall.
Child and seraph, mote and star,
Well thou knowest what we are;
Through thy vast creative plan
Looking, from the worm to man,
There is pity in thine eyes,
But no hatred nor surprise.
Not in blind caprice of will,
Not in cunning sleight of skill,
Not for show of power, was wrought
Nature's marvel in thy thought.
Never careless hand and vain
Smites these chords of joy and pain;
No immortal selfishness
Plays the game of curse and bless:
Heaven and earth are witnesses
That thy glory goodness is.
Not for sport of mind and force
Hast thou made thy universe,
But as atmosphere and zone
Of thy loving heart alone.
Man, who walketh in a show,
Sees before him, to and fro,
Shadow and illusion go;
All things flow and fluctuate,
Now contract and now dilate.
In the welter of this sea,
Nothing stable is but thee;
In this whirl of swooning trance,
Thou alone art permanence.

Thou, O Elder Brother! who
In the flesh our trials knew,
Thou, who hast been touched by these
Our most sad infirmities,
Thou alone the gulf can span
In the dual heart of man,

And between the soul and sense
Reconcile all difference,
Change the dream of me and mine
For the truth of thee and thine,
And, through chaos, doubt, and strife,
Interfuse thy calm of life.
Some sweet morning yet in God's
Dim æonian periods,
Joyful I shall wake to see
Those I love who rest in thee,
And to them in thee allied
Shall my soul be satisfied.

—*Whittier.*

What a wonderful thing it is that we should be alive! If we live millions of years, nothing can happen to us more wonderful than this,—that we have begun to be, that we are born into this great universe, infinite in extent, everlasting in duration, and filled with the presence of divine power, wisdom, and love. We have been created, by a divine foreknowledge and purpose, to be living souls, capable of knowledge, love, action, progress, goodness, joy. We have been placed in one of the many mansions of our Father's house, to grow up into what he means us to be. This entrance into the universe is such an amazing event that it might easily overwhelm us with its wonder. We are so softly cradled into being that we do not feel the enormous change. But, to make the most of life, we must see this wonder of existence. We must feel what a great, unspeakable gift was bestowed on each of us, in that we live.

To gain the most out of the coming year, we must put the most into it. And we put the most into it by living in a spirit of *earnestness*, doing with our might what our hand finds to do, not trifling with the golden hours, but receiving each as a precious gift from God. Only such earnest purpose makes the day a blessing, insures progress from good to better, and causes us to live in eternity while we are in time. They are the happiest who value every hour, who put good work into it, who do not procrastinate, who do everything now, and do it as well as it can be done. These make of life a fine art. Such men say each year, in the words of our dear brother and friend: —

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

So we "redeem the time," so free ourselves from its despotic law of change and decay. Each moment of time may thus bring to us a glow and throb of eternal existence, make us inwardly younger as we grow older, until we enter that perfect state of which it is written that "time shall be no longer."—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Mrs. C. W. Kettell, 19 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Old correspondents will please address the members to whom they have formerly written. In order to receive books from the Cambridge Branch, it will be necessary henceforth to send a reference with the first request.

Educational.

"The World and its People," Parts 3 and 5; "Our World Reader," Part 1; "History of England," Lancaster; "History of the United States," Scudder; "Beginner's American History," Montgomery; "Classics for Children: Gods and Heroes"; "History of America," Higginson and Channing; "History of the United States," Johnson; "English History," Montgomery; Warren's "Primary and Common School Geography"; Lippincott's "Fourth Reader"; Cyr's "Children's Primer"; Monroe's "Primer and Readers"; "Natural History Reader," Part 4; "Common Words Difficult to Spell"; "Grammar," Whitney and Lockwood; "Prose Dictation Exercises"; Wentworth's "Grammar School Arithmetic"; Walsh's "Grammar School Arithmetic"; Todd and Powell, "Fourth Reader"; "Science of Common Things," Wells; Johnston's

Turner's Chemistry, Greek, Latin, German and French text-books, and standard reading, suitable for schools.

Miscellaneous.

Stanley's "Life of Thomas Arnold"; Taine's "English Literature"; "Social and Literary Papers"; Royce's "Spirit of Modern Philosophy"; "Anecdotes of Books and Authors"; "Library of Favorite Songs"; "Illustrated Armenia."

Juvenile.

"The Children's Year Book"; "Short Stories"; "Stuyvesant"; "Jacob Abbot"; "Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag"; "Philip's Experiments"; "Christmas, Every Day, and Other Stories"; "A Long Time Ago"; "Arabian Nights' Entertainment"; "Daisy: Autobiography of a Cat."

The following books are offered by the Springfield Branch. Address Miss Clara D. Hoar, care of Samuel Bowles, Crescent Hill, Springfield, Mass.

"A Window in Thrums," Barrie; "Through Nature to God," John Fiske; "Handbook of Nursing," New Haven Training School; "Jackanapes," Mrs. Ewing; "Little Prudy's Sister Susie"; "Little Prudy's Dotty Dimple"; "Little Prudy's Story Book"; "Dotty Dimple at Play"; "Dotty Dimple Out West"; "Seaside and Wayside," No. 1 (for children five to eight); "Interstate Primer and First Reader"; Harrington's "Spelling Book" (Part 1); "Nature Stories for Little Children"; "Children's First Reader"; "Physiology for Little Folks"; "Beginner's American History," Montgomery; Harper's "Introductory Geography"; *Harper's Monthly Magazine* from 1877 to 1894.

The First Church Branch offer the following books. Address Miss Alice D. Perkins, 5 Oliver Street, Salem, Mass.

St. Nicholas, 1878–1881–1882–1883 (complete); eleven numbers for 1877–1885–1887; ten numbers, 1884–1889; *Scribner's*, 1879–1880–1881; *Youth's Companion*, 1893–1894–1895–1897.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., offers the *New England Magazine* (current numbers for 1901 and back numbers for 1900); also the *New World* (current numbers). A minister preferred. Six back numbers also.

The following are offered by the Second Church Branch, Salem. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass. Reference required with first request.

"Eight Cousins," L. Alcott; "An American Girl Abroad"; "Through Picture Land"; "Little Dolly's Story Book"; "Stories of Ancient Times"; "Evangeline," Longfellow; "How we went Birds' Nesting"; "Stories of Foreign Lands"; "Vistas of Hawaii"; "Rose and Lillie Stanhope"; "Mr. Meeson's Will," Rider Haggard; "Matt, Tale of a Caravan," R. Buchanan; "The Archipelago on Fire," J. Verne; "Around the World in 80 Days," J. Verne.

Music.

Waltzes, "Sweet Remembrance," "A Night in Madrid"; sacred songs, "God's Mercy," "The Realms of Endless Day," "One Touch of Nature makes the Whole World Kin," "Alone," "A Picture no Artist can paint," "Farewell, Sweet Hour," "Forget the Past," "Shall we ever Meet Again?" "On the Banks of the Wabash far away," "A Bird in a Gilded Cage," several comic songs and negro melodies.

The Jamaica Plain Branch offer the following: —

"Round my House," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton; "Letters of Travels," by Phillips Brooks; "Joan of Arc," a biography translated from the French; "Motherly Talks with Young Housekeepers," by Mrs. H. W. Beecher; "The Puritan Revolution," by Samuel R. Gardiner; "A Reader in Botany," in two parts, by Jane H. Newell; "Seven Little Sisters."

Also, any one wishing to borrow books from the Loan Library, please address Miss Gill, Pond Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

REQUESTS.

I have been a *Cheerful Letter* reader for several years, and greatly enjoy it. I would very much like to have a dictionary, a Webster, unabridged, preferable. I am a very lonely shut-in, and would be glad of any good reading, either papers or books. I am yours most gratefully, Mrs. Mary M. East, Monmouth, Oregon.

Miss Rosa Bailey, Box 781, Waco, Texas, is closely confined on a farm with an invalid, and no neighbors. She will be thankful for any reading.

Miss Mattie E. Dodd, Forks of Buffalo, Virginia, a young woman living at home, asks for a fashion magazine, or any good reading.

Mrs. Martha McNeal, Burneville, Indian Territory, a very worthy person, will be glad of any reading.

Miss Mary P. Tinsley, Holcomb Rock, Bedford County, Virginia, would be glad to receive *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Youth's Companion*, *Truth*, or any good reading.

Will *The Cheerful Letter* friends please send me something to read? I have no neighbors at all. It is sometimes months that I do not see a white woman, and it is very lonely. I have two small boys, and anything you will send me will be appreciated. Mrs. M. L. Stricklin, Waco, Texas.

Mrs. Mattie Clark, Stuart, Virginia, asks for a music primer.

I would be so glad to receive Barnes's History of the United States. I have received very little reading this summer and fall, but have been very busy, and have not had much time for reading. The long winter nights are almost here, and I would be very thankful for a few books and magazines or anything to read for myself or little girl. I pass on reading sent me to others that appreciate it. Mrs. G. G. Burton, Ryan, Indian Territory.

I have received books and reading through the Cheerful Letter; and I thank the kind women for their help, and will pass reading on to others. I would like very much to get some music for the organ. Would like the music of "Break the news to mother." Any pieces will be appreciated, and would like the books "David Copperfield" and "Ivanhoe." With many good wishes. Nellie Goss, Edith, Texas.

Mrs. B. F. Smith, Oakdale, Oklahoma, would be especially glad to receive any of Dickens's or E. P. Roe's works for her lending library.

My dear Friend,—It has been perhaps a year or more since I have written to you. I have enjoyed *The Cheerful Letter* with its many good sermons and beautiful extracts, poems, etc., also the "Mothers' Councils." They have interested me right much; and I have often thought I would write a piece for it, telling my views and also my experiences, but did not know whether it would be acceptable or right for me to do so. For some time I received charming letters from some of the members of the Cheerful Letter; but now I do not get any, only from one lady in Andover. I wish to thank all who have sent me and the children reading in the past, and also for Bibles that have been sent to poor afflicted persons. I do love to do missionary work, and wish I could get more reading to scatter around here among the poor children. There are quite a number of invalid persons from four to six miles of my home, who are anxious for reading. One old man who has been afflicted with rheumatism, he would be thankful for reading. There is a woman not far from here, about six miles, who is not well, and has weak eyes. She sent to me some days ago, asking me to write for a Bible with tolerable large print. Mrs. Mary E. Stovall, Farris, Virginia.

Mrs. Ella McNamara has moved from Sebeka to Park Rapids, Minnesota.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[*Contributions for this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.*]

EARLY TRAINING IN SELF-CONTROL.

There are some things sad and pitiable in themselves, others sad and pitiable in the prospective probabilities of the misery and misfortune consequent upon them. The drunkard, the dishonored name, and disgraced family, are sad and pitiable sights in themselves. The rearing a mother gives her child is sometimes of that character, presenting a sight sad and pitiable in its prospective probabilities of misery and misfortune.

The most important moral quality in a man is that to which, as a rule, mothers pay the least attention. No man can ever hope to gain the control of men who cannot control himself. A man must learn to tame himself, to be his own master, before he can expect to master others. Nine-tenths of the mothers who are caressing their darlings and indulging sweet fancy in bright pictures of the future are themselves training the lit-

tle minds and educating the sensitive nerves to mar the talents a wise God has given them.

"Johnny, didn't I tell you not to touch that?" In lieu, then and there, of impressing the lesson, all opportunity of exercising self-control is taken from the child by putting the forbidden thing beyond its reach. If it be an eatable, as mamma takes it from the table after the third disobedience, she says, with emphatic earnestness, "I said you shouldn't have it, and you shan't." The child knows its mother better than she knows herself. Three or four times a chair is moved to the mantel, and as often taken away by the mother, who emphasizes her superior physical strength, saying, "You shan't have it." The child does not despair, and so tries his last remedy. He yells, kicks, screams, and indulges in a myriad of those antics which he has used effectively in a thousand instances before, and eventually conquers. He has been taught neither obedience nor self-control, but to gratify his desires as best he can. The opportunity to teach the child his power over himself has been employed for the reverse. "He's so bad!" is the self-exculpatory phrase,—as if a child were born good!

He grows to manhood, and all through his childhood the same system is carried on. The spoilt and pampered darling has no tutored habits, save self-indulgence and some few ornamental virtues, such as cleanliness in appearance. There are no preservative bonds between his will, his conscience, his passions and inclinations. He is "at the mercy of every impulse and blown by every passion," as some one said of a savage. In truth, he is a polished savage.

Because this woman taught her child not to steal or drink, not to cheat or gamble,—in wordy lectures,—and left him a slave to his every inclination and a victim to his every passion, weak-willed and powerless, the world wonders and sympathizes with her when he whitens her hair and wrinkles her face, and sends her to her grave dishonored, disgraced, and broken-hearted. What right had she to think this child, who had never received the lesson of obedience and never had his will trained, would in his manhood develop those virtues which were strangers to his childhood and aliens to his education? Did she think the untrained will and unknown power of self-control would in manhood be trained or known? By what logical process did she reason that the child not taught to control his appetite for sweets would control his appetite for whiskey or wine?

Upon what basis did she found the hope that the boy not taught to quit his game of marbles or ball when the hour for school had come would quit his game of cards when the hour for rest before work had come?

It needs no brutal whip to cow the young heart, no lash to break the young spirit, to train in children the will, the mastery over self. It does need some patience, some conquest of the merely animal love of offspring, some exercise of will in the parent.

It is very seldom a question of what is right and what is wrong in this life, but it is always a question of the will to do right and the self-control not to do wrong. The quick prompting of a sensitive conscience is valueless without the will to execute that conscience's behest. There are by far fewer false consciences in men than strong passions and weak wills. Train your child's will, train his self-control, train him to be his own master, train him in childhood in small things, and then fancy's picture of his future will be realized to the full limit of his talents.

"Babyhood," Raphael Benoni.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The United States has sometimes been called the "Paradise of Women": from the child's point of view it might equally well be termed the "Paradise of Children," though the thoughtful observer might be inclined to qualify the title by the prefix "Fools." Nowhere is the child so constantly in evidence; nowhere are his wishes so carefully consulted; nowhere is he allowed to make his mark so strongly on society in general.

The small American seems to consider himself the father of the man in a way never contemplated by the poet. He interrupts the conversation of his elders, he has a voice in every matter, he eats and drinks what seems good to him, he (or at any rate *she*) wears finger-rings of price, he has no shyness or even modesty. The theory of the

equality of man is rampant in the nursery (though I use the word only in its conventional and figurative sense, for American children do not confine themselves to their nurseries). You will actually hear an American mother say of a child of two or three years of age, "I can't *induce* him to do this"; "She *won't* go to bed when I tell her"; "She *will* eat that lemon pie, though I *know* it is bad for her." Even the public authorities seem to recognize the inherent right of the American child to have his own way, as the following paragraph from the New York *Herald* of April 8, 1896, will testify: —

Washington, April 7.—The lawn in front of the White House this morning was littered with paper bags, the dyed shells of eggs, and the remains of Easter luncheon baskets. It is said that a large part of the lawn must be resodded. The children, shut out from their usual romp in the grounds at the back of the mansion, made their way into the front when the sun came out in the afternoon, and gambolled about at will, to the great injury of the rain-soaked turf. The police stationed in the grounds *vainly endeavored to persuade the youngsters to go away*, and were finally successful only through pretending to be about to close all the gates for the night. It is, perhaps, superfluous to say that this kind of bringing up hardly tends to make the American child an attractive object to the stranger from without. On the contrary, it is very apt to make the said stranger long strenuously to spank these budding citizens of a free republic, and to send them to bed *instanter*.

While not asserting that all American children are of this brand, I do maintain that the sketch is fairly typical of a very large class,—perhaps of all except those of exceptionally firm and sensible parents.

Muirhead, "*The Land of Contrasts*."

NATURAL HISTORY.

IROQUOIS CADDIS-WORMS.

Some time ago I found in the brook near my home a caddis-worm very different in color, habits, and temper from the one that I have described under the name of ruff-coat. He was so ferocious that, not knowing his scientific appellation, which I afterwards discovered to be "Neuronia," I named him "The Iroquois," after a warlike tribe of Indians.

He had a yellow face striped with black; and his house, which perhaps in this case more resembled an overcoat, was about the same size round as that of the ruff-coat, but a little longer. It was made of pieces of leaves fastened together at the edges. Sometimes I furnished him with occupation by gently poking him out of his case, and putting him in a small dish with some leaves and water. He would wander about for a while in a restless and unhappy way, but would finally hide himself under the leaves, and by the next morning would appear attired in a new patchwork coat as good as the old one. When fresh leaves were put into his dish, he would sometimes think them better in color or quality than those of which his coat was already made, and so would bite off one end of his garment and replace it with a circle of the fresh leaves. Or he might bite off from one end, and then turn round in his case and put the addition to the other end, repeating this operation till the whole case was new.

He was nervous and excitable, and most of the time travelling about the aquarium in a restless way, occasionally stopping to bite at some other insect in the water. Even if the other insect were a caddis-worm, he had no scruples about attacking it. In fact, he ate up so many of his neighbors that I was obliged to transfer him to a dish by himself and feed him with small pieces of raw beef. He would draw a little piece of the beef into his case, and, holding it with his claws, would lie chewing and sucking it with great relish.

In March he closed both ends of his case, and remained quiet for about two weeks. Then the pupa emerged, and soon changed to the imago, or perfect caddis-fly, whose colors, like those of the larva, were yellow and black.

It is some years since I have found any of these neuronias in my brook. Whether the other water insects have driven them out on account of their turbulent dispositions or whether they have themselves decided to emigrate to a more congenial climate, I cannot say. I shall be glad to know if any of you find creatures like them where you live.

Cora H. Clarke.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

Charades.

1.

As my *second* sat before my *third*,
With glowing embers bright,
Quite vividly I saw my *first*
Traced in lines of light.
And it carried me back to a far-away land,
Where were passed my childhood days;
And compassion I felt for those who my *whole*,
And change their country and ways.

2.

As we gaze o'er our fair lake's expanse,
When winter moon doth it enhance,
We find it my *first* and *second*.
In any law court of the land,
With impartial judge at his right hand,
One obtains my *whole*, 'tis reckoned.

E. P. P.

Buried Cities.

1. He drove like mad, riding across country.
2. The thieves ransacked the barn, stable and house.
3. The rain patters on the roof.
4. The Bacon Cordage Co. has dissolved.
5. Hans and Otto led Olivia a merry dance.
6. Murillo loved to paint cherubs or angels.
7. I am her stupid sister.
8. I would rather go under than over the bridge.

A Shakespeare Enigma.

I am composed of 49 letters.

My 5, 38, 11, 12, 31, 41, 20, 26, is one of Shakespeare's heroines.

My 2, 44, 36, 39, 7, 23, is a king in one of his plays.

My 27, 39, 13, 45, 30, is a spirit.

My 7, 21, 35, 49, 30, 18, 4, is a general among the Venetians.

My 48, 29, 6, 43, 17, 39, 19, 46, is one of Shakespeare's queens.

My 3, 12, 44, is also a queen, and my 1, 9 14, 28, describes her.

My 15, 47, 37, 24, "runs through the roughest day."

My 16, 32, 2, 18, 45, 34, 25, are "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

My 8, 22, 42, 21, 45, 6, is, what Adam, in "As You Like It," calls his age.

My 33, 24, 10, 46, is the home of the lark that "at heaven's gate sings."

My 32, 40, 23, is where Falstaff likes to take his ease.

My whole is a quotation from one of Shakespeare's plays.

Answers to Puzzles in December Number.

Charades.

1. Icicle. 2. Sincere.

Links in a Chain.

1. Star, soar, roar, roan, moan, moon.
2. Eyes, dyes, does, dots, dote, note, nose.
3. Page, pace, pack, lack, lock, look, book.
4. Bread, break, bleak, bleat, blest, blast, boast, toast.
5. Sick, silk, sill, sell, well.
6. Mine, mint, mist, most, moat, coat, coal.

Christmas Tree.

1. Lights. 2. Tinsel. 3. Popcorn. 4. Star. 5. Oranges. 6. Horn. 7. Ball. 8. Kite. 9. Bon-bons. 10. Muff. 11. Necktie. 12. Photographs. 13. Breastpin. 14. Watch. 15. Bracelet.

LETTERS.

My dear Cheerful Letter Friends,—I am coming to tell you how much I enjoy the dear little magazine sent to me through Mrs. Mary L. Clarke of Cambridge. She has been a dear, faithful friend to me for more than seven years. She is kind and generous.

It has been several years since I sent a letter, but not for lack of interest in this work. But I have been sorely tried and full of anxiety all this year. My husband was working on a building and contracted a cold that brought on the grippe, and soon developed into pneumonia. He did not get out for five months, and has not been able to do a day's work this year. We found it a hard struggle to make both ends meet. So our only son decided he would go to Keyser, West Virginia, and work in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company shops. He went, and did well two months, and drew $42.60 per month. We were delighted with his success. The 2d of September the foreman raised his wages, and

before noon he had his hand smashed. That put him off twenty-five days. He went back, and abscesses began to come on that hand and wrist. He got in thirteen days. The doctor told him to come home and stay, that he was in danger of blood-poisoning.

So you see, dear friends, fate has come to us harder than ever before.

You will know me as a wheel-chair invalid. I never get out in the beautiful sunshine, as many of my sister shut-ins. I sit at my east window and call it Sunshine or Sorrow Corner, as I make both of it. I suffered terribly through the hot summer months. I was not able to do anything. In September I took my work from its resting place,—making silk or crazy sofa cushions, and embroidering doilies that my dear pen-friends sent me to pass the long hours.

I have two daughters at home, which is a great comfort as well as a blessing.

I am going to ask you to remember us with a few books through the long winter months. I would like standard works. I have had a desire to read the "House of David," for one. We are not able to buy books of any description.

I have a great many nice magazines that I would love to give, and will, if stamps are sent to take them.

Will you all breathe a prayer that we may yet be free from so much suffering? God bless you all in your noble work, and may you never grow weary! Sincerely yours, Mrs. B. A. Berry, Pugitsville, West Virginia.

Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,— I wish to thank all who have sent me reading the past year, as I have been so situated that I could not write to each one, and I hope to be remembered still. Would be glad to have the book "Donovan" by Edna Lyall. And would say to the kind friend who has sent me the *Outlook* since last November that the publishers have sent request for my subscription for another year; but, as I am unable to pay for it myself, I hope they will see about it, so it won't continue, as they have kept sending. I know some *Cheerful Letter* friend had it sent to me, but I don't know who, and take this way to let them know.

Any holiday remembrances sent me can be sent to West Bloomfield, Waushara County, Wisconsin, and, when I move again, will send my address to the *Cheerful Letter*.

Thanking all kind friends for their goodness in the past, for I do love good reading so much. Sincerely, Mary E. Stevenson.

Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,—For some months *The Cheerful Letter* has at intervals brought me greetings from your far-away New England home.

The "lady" who sends it to me from Newton, Massachusetts, will never know the great blessing she thereby brings to my life.

The long, weary years I have spent in study have from time to time been sweetened by the kindness of some one in far-off homes, but no favor has been more far reaching in its power and extent.

In populous Massachusetts the people enjoy many blessings unknown to us in the "Lone Star State." We have no great cities, and few, if any, public libraries, hence advantages for intellectual training are few to those unable to attend a college. We have an excellent public school system, and a good school fund; but no one is admitted to free tuition above the age of seventeen. Our colleges and universities are growing very rapidly and maintain a high standard of education.

If the matchless resources of our State were properly developed, it doubtless would support a population of 75,000,000.

Some ten years ago, while travelling in Texas, I stopped on a hill west of Honey Creek, and at a single view looked out over 100,000 acres of native prairie which was then unbroken by the hand of agriculture. There the thrifty cattleman with his herd was all that disturbed the ramble of the wolf in his native home.

The part of Texas in which I live is a thriving agricultural country, and cities are fast springing up; but there is room in Texas for men and women of thrift and enterprise. If desired, will write more about Texas some time. Yours truly, Newton M. Talbot, Trenton, Texas.

Let us come to ourselves by coming to God, by obeying him, by living for his truth, by giving ourselves to true and just ends, by filling life with nobleness, truth, purity, and love.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

PARIS AND THE FRENCH EXPOSITION.

(*Continued.*)

It takes three days (so said some one) to find out where you are in the Exposition and where you want to go. The only thing I did not like about it was that it evidently required two months to see it thoroughly; and we could not give so much time. The things we did see were quite wonderful enough to repay crossing the ocean.

We saw the Palais de l'Optique. Why it is called by that name I do not know. The first part of this exhibition was also the most interesting (to me).

An arrangement something like a cyclorama,— a series of stages, in a large circle, and each one representing a period of the earth's creation. In one the ice age, in one the fern period, in one the great monsters, the Dinosaurus, and others as strange. The one that I thought the most curious of all was that in which great birds whose recent ancestors had been reptiles were displayed, the reptiles being in the next section. If reptiles can become birds, I can believe anything! It is stranger than the development of men from monkeys. I would willingly have gone all round the circle again; but that is not permitted. We were put into another room, and the door shut on us. So we went through about twelve rooms. All were dark; for the expositions were mostly combined with displays of electricity. I cannot recall them all; but in one we were treated to an artificial thunder-storm, and in another we saw a drop of water from the river Seine, magnified enormously, and the creatures in it were worse than the prehistoric animals.

Another remarkable building was the Palais de Costumes. In this was a series of stages, something like those in the Palais de l'Optique, and on each stage a sort of tableau, of life-size wax figures, representing scenes from quite remote periods down almost to the present time. For instance, one was an exact imitation of the interior of a dwelling of Gauls, somewhere about the first century of our era. Then a Roman interior, then an Egyptian one. The feudal interior was perhaps the most attractive, but for some reason that was not life-size. The baron, in loose home costume (armor laid aside), was standing before the huge fireplace, and the lady of the castle, in flowing veil, sitting in her arm-chair, while her attendants were spreading the table. There was a large carved bedstead, with velvet curtains, on one side of the room. It was almost as good as going back five centuries and visiting the old feudal keep.

Some of the groups were representations of historic scenes and people. One was Blanche of Castile, presiding at the betrothal of her son, Louis IX. (the saint), and Marguerite of Provence. One showed ladies and knights at a tournament. One, the daughters of Louis XIV., all in the elaborate costume of the period, and the Dauphin entering to pay them a visit. In another the Duchesse de Maine was sitting up in bed to receive company, while ladies were being introduced. One showed Marie Antoinette at the Little Trianon; and one the Empress Josephine trying on her coronation robes, while Napoleon looked on, and Madame Junot, who breakfasted that morning at the Tuileries, stands there also. This is a genuine incident, preserved by Madame Junot in her memoirs. Perhaps the funniest of all was a most lifelike presentment of a milliner's shop about the end of the last century. The ladies look so very droll, in their huge, queer bonnets (queer to us), and yet so airy and self-complacent. The wide-spreading dresses of the time of Eugénie concluded the series; and these looked as odd to Undine as the costumes of the time of Louis XIV. did to me.

The Exposition abounds in restaurants of all sorts and at all prices, although it is easier to find the dear ones than those that are moderate. Undine and I tried one where we had a table on a balcony over the river and the sight of the boats and the water, and the splendid Street of the Nations on the opposite bank. Most of these national buildings had national productions for sale, and were like great bazaars (besides having their wares in other parts of the grounds); but the United States Building was simply a club-house, so to speak, with comfortable rooms for resting, all the best American papers, a bureau of information, etc.

One day, when I had not fully learned the geography of the place, and had been

standing in the Palais des Beaux-Arts until I suddenly found that I was very tired, I was walking along the bank of the river, looking for some good place to rest; and, deciding that the Italian Building would not do, I looked up to see what came next, and there above me floated the stars and stripes! In I went, feeling entirely at home; and, oh, the comfort of having a place to sit down in, and nothing to buy! A pleasant-looking lady came directly forward, and kindly asked if she could serve me in any way. "Make use of our room whenever you please," said she. It happened to be the New York room; but there was a Massachusetts one also. So, even in Paris, I was not a woman "without a country"! The United States was criticised for having no exhibitions or wares in its building; but it had an immense number elsewhere in the grounds. Indeed, the United States had a large proportion of the space; but it seemed to me pleasant, and a little more dignified, not to have articles for sale in the United States Building, but to devote it to the comfort of American travellers. I had reason to feel grateful that it was so.

People also complained that there were too many restaurants, that the whole exhibition ran to restaurants; but it was rather convenient to be able to take luncheon almost anywhere and at almost any time. As to the French, of the less extravagant classes, they might be seen eating their simple rations of bread and cheese (sometimes with cheap wine) out of doors, all over the grounds, about twelve o'clock. They thought *any* restaurant extravagant. So the family groups were everywhere, and made the grounds like one great picnic. It made me think of "feeding the five thousand."

It was naturally part of the fun to take a meal in as many nations as possible. For afternoon tea, we went to China or Japan; but, after all, England was as good as any nation for this, having set the fashion, I suppose. The English tea-place had also a balcony overhanging the river. In one of the Japanese restaurants the young lady asked me, "Will you have tea at a franc or half a franc?" Naturally, I said, "A franc," thinking that the half-franc tea would not be so good. Then I saw, on the bill of fare, that visitors paying a franc received a present. I was a little discomfited, for I generally avoid places where such inducements to buy are offered; but, as I had begun, I thought I would see what happened. The Japanese young lady brought me some tea in a cup, and also a little packet of tea, done up to look very attractive. "That is the present," thought I. But I ungratefully coveted the little gray tea-pot which she had set on the table with the other things. It was so pretty. Presently I found that there was no tea in it, and that she meant to give me the tea and the tea-pot also. My scruples departed, and I pocketed both tea and tea-pot as my lawful perquisites.

One day I took luncheon in Old Arles. I had been trying to find Old Arles for some time; but it was an immense distance off from where I usually entered. So one day I began at that end, and made a point of it. It appears that Old Arles consists of an antique-looking church, with a restaurant inside. I was a little disappointed at first, but reflected that it was unreasonable to expect that the *whole* city could be transported to the Exposition. It was a warm day, and I enjoyed the cool shadow of the church. Forth stepped a dear little maiden, and asked me with the prettiest grace imaginable if madame would like to breakfast there. I could do no less than say yes. She then ran over the bill of fare, ending, "Would you *like* to breakfast like that?" I forget what she gave me, except that one course was eggs, which I heard sizzling in the frying-pan while I was disposing of the previous course; but I remember that the coffee was dreadful, and I could hardly swallow it. I believe the proper thing to take would have been some kind of cider (an Arlesian product, I imagine), but I could not quite bring myself to that, and she did not urge me. Nevertheless, I enjoyed my breakfast very much, and felt as if I had been to Arles, though I think that was owing more to the little damsel than to the architectural display.

One of the funniest of the side shows, and one which attracted many visitors, was the tiny building called the Maternité Belge. I passed this several times, and wondered what it could be. At last I had a chance to go in. I found an exhibition of live babies, in glass cases, planned to equalize the temperature of the atmosphere, and

keep a delicate child from suffering by changes of the air and draughts. There were two weeny pink morsels on exhibition, genuine infants, who needed the exceptional care, and were receiving it gratuitously. The air was kept fresh by introducing ventilation from the bottom of the case, and the babies are taken out and fed every two hours. An entrance fee is paid by the visitor; and, of course, there is an opportunity to give a little gratuity,— I forget whether for the children, or for the enterprise,— but the infants are treated free of charge.

In the Champs de Mars one section was devoted to carriages of all sorts and periods, from quite old times down to the present day. This exhibit was visited by throngs, and was quite worthy of its popularity. In one place were saddles of all periods, and little models showing how they were used. Some had railings, and looked like chairs; and ladies sat in them, as if they were arm-chairs, only on the side of the horse.

It sent a thrill through us to see in one place several books and small personal trifles that had belonged to the little Dauphin while in prison, under the charge of the cruel Simon. These had been taken from him by his jailer. From one book the royal cipher had been scraped with a knife; and on another there were signs that someone had begun to efface it, but had been interrupted or changed his mind. These articles had been bought, after the death of Simon, at a sale of his possessions. Looking at these things seemed to bring us very near the time. Poor little boy, how sorry we have all felt for him! And yet the thousands of innocent children who suffered from the selfishness and cruelty of his ancestors, although not so real to us as he, had fearful hardships to bear, and are as much to be pitied.

In one place we found a model of a Transvaal farm-house. I do not mean a small imitation, but an exact reproduction, as if a farm-house had been transported from Africa. It was very interesting, the kitchen arrangements attracting the attention of the French women. Everything was simple and very old-fashioned, but comfortable, and certainly not squalid. On a table in the living-room lay a large Dutch Bible, a beautiful early edition. In a small building close by was a portrait bust of Kruger. This was surrounded by green shrubs and vines; and these in turn were filled with cards and notes, left there by French visitors, expressing sympathy for Kruger and the Boers. The French are evidently on the side of the Boers, but I fear enmity to England is responsible for some of this sentiment.

The French are very proud of their colony, Madagascar; and it has a conspicuous position at one end of the Exposition. It is in a round building, and it is easier to get into it than out of it again. I began my day there once, and I thought I should never find the way out into the Trocadéro Palace. At last I found that what I had taken for merely a restaurant was a sort of bridge across into the main Exposition. One of the strangest things in Madagascar was a piece of cloth made of a kind of spider's web.

But when any one asks me, "What was the *most* interesting thing you saw at the Exposition?" I say, "The Buddhist Temple."

This was a perfect reproduction of one of the huge old temples in Central Asia. I had seen photographs of them, but never expected to come so near to seeing the real thing. It was high up on the hill of the Trocadéro; and, if you are on the hill, you can enter at the top, and go down, down a long staircase, until you find yourself in an immense subterranean hall, dimly lighted from distant openings, and the roof supported by huge pillars.

Now my letter is growing too long. Yes, I saw the pictures. I gave more time to that portion than to any other. I saw both the large and the small palaces of the Fine Arts. I saw the Swiss village. I saw the "Globe Céleste" where they show you "how the worlds are made." I went through all the buildings on the Esplanade des Invalides. I went in a wheeled chair all through the Champs de Mars Building. And there were ever so many more things that I did not see!

When I was a little girl, I used sometimes to be told to "work hard" when I was at work, and to "play hard" when I was at play. Well, people certainly "play *hard*" when they visit the French Exposition.

L. F. C.

The first step toward victory, undoubtedly, is to gain courage.— *Plutarch's Lives.*

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

Books are a subject of special interest to our readers; and it may not be out of place sometimes to give a notice of a book which is receiving some attention from the public.

We have heard a great deal lately about a book called "Elizabeth and her German Garden"; and some thoughts have occurred to me in regard to it which I should like to present to our readers.

"Elizabeth" writes a charming style: there is no question about that. Her description of her garden and all her arrangements and machination is readable and enjoyable to an unusual degree.

But Elizabeth herself represents a type that it is well to study as a warning rather than an example. She is a perfect specimen of the naïvely, unconsciously selfish aristocrat, the woman who is perfectly contented while producing nothing and receiving everything from life. "Was there ever such a happy woman as Elizabeth?" her book ends. (I forget whether this sentiment concludes the first or the second volume.) That there is suffering and immorality all around her does not interfere with her happiness in the least. So long as she can say, "*I* have what *I* want," the world is as it should be. That she owes duties to the peasant families on her estate does not seem to occur to her. She is satisfied with a life of prolonged childhood; reading books; wandering about alone among the beautiful natural surroundings of her luxurious home; laying out her garden; arranging her house. A duty-visit grudgingly paid once a month to her husband's peasants fulfils her sense of obligation.

An amiable old philosopher, of whom we heard much in our youth, was nicknamed by some wicked person "Plato-Skimpole." Elizabeth might justly be called a "Dives-Thoreau." Keen appreciation and enjoyment of nature; delight in solitary days and perfect freedom from care; disgust, or, at least, total lack of sympathy for all but those two or three of her fellow-creatures who jar neither on her nerves, nor on her taste,—these are her tastes.

It will astonish those few who have not read the book to hear that Elizabeth is a mother. Her children are wholly cared for by others. Elizabeth is a wife. Her garden outranks both husband and children. It is her nature to be perfectly happy laying out a garden and seeing neither husband nor children for six weeks. And, by one of those sad and mysterious laws of human nature, children seem to care more for the slight, careless, trivial attentions of a mother who neglects them than for the boundless tenderness and unlimited self-sacrifice of the most devoted. Let a mother care for her children herself, nurse them in sickness, give all her life and all her time to them, and the chances are that years will pass before they begin to appreciate her at her true worth. Let her leave them habitually to others, allowing them only an hour now and then of her society, and that hour will be the crown of the day and the smallest favor received with joy and gratitude. For the present I leave this problem to be considered by others.

We must not think too hardly of Elizabeth. It is the peculiar temptation of prosperity to cause selfishness. There is many a Dives with a Lazarus at his gate. Indeed, we all have Lazarus at our gate, and need to see that we (the fortunate of earth) do not act the part of Dives. Dives was not a bad man: he simply did not *care* about Lazarus while he himself had all that he wanted and more than he needed. It is easier to blame others than guard ourselves from the same faults. L. F. C.

We must live from these great convictions. We must believe in God as our Father, not as blind force or stern law. We must trust in the all-conquering power of truth and love, and support every effort to advance the kingdom of heaven in this world.

How do we glorify God? By praising him? By singing hymns to him? By calling him omnipotent and omniscient? Certainly not. "Herein is my Father glorified, that *ye bear much fruit:* so shall ye be my disciples."

"The New Year is a time of dedication. It is a time to go into the holy of holies, not to rest there in idle contemplation.

"May we begin it, every one of us, in some such spirit, and so make it the grandest, sweetest, and the most fruitful year that we have ever had."—*Phillips Brooks.*

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, January 4, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested in this work are cordially invited to be present.

Please notice that the address of the secretary has been changed from 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, to 373 Boylston Street, Boston.

News has been received of the death of Miss Alma Woodson of Sandidges, North Carolina.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged — not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,— good citizens of the country, for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

Members are kindly requested to observe the directions printed for their convenience, and to send requests for reading to Mrs. Nichols, notices of changes of address to Miss Howe, and notes in regard to correspondents to Miss Langmaid.

We remind all who send parcels or boxes with books, papers, etc., to correspondents or to libraries that it is absolutely necessary to write at the same time to the receiver, enclosing the receipt which shows that the express or freight charges on the package have been paid. For want of this precaution, valuable packages have never been received. It is not probable that any of our *Cheerful Letter* friends send packages without prepaying them, but it is a common mistake of the express agents to charge the receiver for a prepaid package.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, —Miss Bertha Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

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